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VOICES OF PEACE

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APRIL, 1938

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VOICES *of* PEACE

A Magazine Published by
The Papyrus Club of Peace, a Junior College for Women

Volume VI | April, 1938 | Number 2

APRIL, 1938

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VOICES *of* PEACE

VOLUME VI APRIL, 1938 NUMBER 2

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EDITORIALS

SALUTATORY

[The following editorial is reprinted from the initial issue of *Voices of Peace*, December, 1889.]

This little Magazine, which greets you for the first time, is simply what it claims to be, "Voices of Peace." It will tell of earnest girls, inspired with high aims and noble purposes, preparing for the broader arena that awaits them beyond these walls. It will speak of their work, their pleasures, their triumphs—earnest work, not the less useful that it suggests no "strains of martial music;" simple pleasures, but giving a zest that the queens of society might envy; bloodless triumphs, but as dear to the hearts of school-girls as the olive wreath that crowned Olympian victors. There will be echoes from the past; reminiscences of the founders of the school and of their co-laborers and successors; of alumnæ who endeared themselves to teachers and schoolmates while here, and who have since won distinction in broader fields. Many of these now grace happy homes; many are laboring in some chosen calling. Many still linger near us; while others have wandered to distant States. From sunny skies and from snowy plains; from prairies and from mountains, will come letters telling us of their homes, their works, their travels.

We bespeak for this little sheet a cordial welcome, not only from those who love our Alma Mater, but from all who are interested in the higher education of women, and would see our girls keep abreast with those of other States. Although it reveals only school-girl life and opinions, we trust that the record of our work, our aims and aspirations may not be entirely devoid of interest to the general reader.

EVER ONWARD!

With this issue of the magazine, the staff of *Voices of Peace* wishes to express its deep respect and sincere admiration for the Peace girls who initiated our college magazine. The efficient work and enthusiastic zeal of these former students of Peace redound greatly to the credit of these girls of '89. In their work these seven noble girls showed their profound interest in higher education for women and their desire to keep all Peace students abreast with those of other states. They have been well rewarded by the marked progress that has been made in all of our educational institutions, and especially by the progress made here at Peace which is of peculiar interest to us.

We are indeed proud that today we have a copy of the first magazine ever published here, which was edited in December, 1889, by F. A. Burwell, G. Rowland, M. Rouse, M. Smith, N. Hardison, E. Faucette, and N. Y. Burke; and that we are, also, in possession of the issues of January, 1890, and December, 1894.

Since the original contribution of 1889, nearly a half-century has passed. During this period there have been many changes in our school publication. In 1895 the publication of *Voices of Peace* ceased. In the fall of 1918, Student Government was instituted at Peace; this made many efforts to revive our college magazine, and succeeded in exerting enough influence to bring about its reappearance in 1920, after twenty-five years of non-existence. It was edited then by the literary society maintaining the higher average for the quarter in the English classes. In 1924 the publication of the magazine was taken over by the students themselves, and any coalition with the societies or other organizations was severed. This practice continued until 1930 when, again, publication was discontinued. In 1937, through the efforts of the Papyrus Club, the magazine staged a "comeback" which we hope is to be permanent.

But throughout the many alterations that have been made in all phases of education here at Peace and elsewhere, there has been little, if any, change in ideals from those in the hearts of the Peace girls of 1889. Peace was the school they lived in, the school they worked for, the school they loved. May it continue to be the same with us—and always!

WHAT PEACE MEANS TO ME

"She's a Peace girl," I heard some one say.
Unconsciously my shoulders straightened;
I lifted my head with pride.
You ask what Peace means to me?
It means just that—yet more.

You ask what Peace means to me?
A chance to learn how to live—
And live in the right, not wrong.
It means a smile on my lips,
And ever in my heart a song.

It means yet more than that.
It's the courage to face my task,
The grace to carry it through,
The will to do always my best.
Peace means just that to me.

PEGGY STIXRUD, '38.

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

". . . a woman of sense and manners is the finest and most delicate part of God's creation, the glory of her Maker, and the great instance of His singular regard to man, His darling creature: to whom He gave the best gift either God could bestow or man receive. And 'tis the sordidest piece of folly and ingratitude in the world, to withhold from the sex the due lustre which the advantages of education give to the natural beauty of their minds.

"A woman well bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature *without comparison.* Her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments, her person is angelic, and her conversation heavenly. She is all softness and sweetness, peace, love, wit, and delight."

This is quoted from Daniel Defoe's *Essay on Projects* (1697), in which he advocated better education for women, and stated that he was looking forward "to those Happy Days (if ever they shall be) when men shall be wise enough to mend" the educational system as it was at that time.

That, in the seventeenth century, was a very radical theory; two centuries later, however, we find the beginning of a period of dramatic stirrings in a movement for "women's rights."

It was in 1870 that Queen Victoria, her eye having fallen upon the report of a meeting in favor of Woman Suffrage, wrote to Mrs. Martin

in royal rage: "The Queen is most anxious to enlist every one who can speak or write to join in checking this mad, wicked folly of 'Woman's Rights,' with all its attendant horrors, on which her poor feeble sex is bent, forgetting every sense of womanly feeling and propriety. . . . It is a subject which makes the Queen so furious that she cannot contain herself. God created men and women different—then let them remain each in their own position. . . . Woman would become the most hateful, heartless, and disgusting of human beings were she allowed to unsex herself; and where would be the protection which man was intended to give the weaker sex? The Queen is sure that Mrs. Martin agrees with her." The argument was irrefutable; Mrs. Martin agreed; and yet the canker spread. But naturally ideas of better education and other things listed as "Woman's Rights" matured very slowly.

For in the Victorian Era the "ideal woman" of the average man was of the type that Milton depicts as famed for "softness and sweet, attractive grace."

Peace Institute was established during this period, just prior to the Civil War, in 1857, by the Presbyterians of North Carolina, and was conceived with the principal aim of elevating young ladies to a higher level of refinement and knowledge, with special emphasis on refinement. Peace was one of the many institutions of its day that fostered the development of Milton's ideal of femininity.

A young woman in the nineteenth century, in an early edition of *Voices of Peace,* expressed herself in this wise: "Women are, out of mistaken kindness, taught from their youth up—or rather allowed to think by not being taught the contrary—that their whole duty is simply to make themselves as attractive as possible in every respect. To this end hundreds of dollars are spent in teaching girls to acquire a few superficial accomplishments (so called)—to speak and read a little French, a little German; to play a few tunes upon the piano or harpsichord; to know a little of art; and this, combined with what knowledge of the other branches they might happen in the meantime to gain, is called by courtesy an education."

Peace Institute, however, in the later nineteenth century was offering to young ladies an opportunity for "Thorough instruction by accomplished and experienced teachers in all branches usually taught in first-class seminaries for young ladies." It was and still is the aim of the Peace faculty to inspire girls with high purposes in preparation for the "broader arena that awaits them beyond these walls."

"Refinement" was indeed a popular word in earlier days. In the first issue of the *Voices of Peace* (December, 1889) a Peace girl had this to say upon the subject: "Refinement is conducting one's self in such a manner that nothing one does will be odious to others. Refined people walk and sit in an elegant manner. Refined people cultivate a personal magnetism."

How many Peace girls of today have grumbled about getting up at 7:30! Yet the girls of '89 had to rise early enough to attend morning prayer at 7:15, fully dressed and their hair done up properly. Following this service, however, their schedule was similar to ours until 11:30, when a mid-morning rest period was called at which time sandwiches, cookies, and some kind of drink would be served on long tables (where the telephone booths are now). Luncheon was served at 2:00, and dinner at 6:30. In the dining-room the tables all radiated from a long one reserved for Dr. Dinwiddie and his family. Only a low murmur of conversation was allowed. When a guest was present Dr. Dinwiddie would rise and introduce the visitor to the girls, who would bow their heads and politely say, "How do you do, Mr. Y——." The tale is still told of two girls who, sitting opposite at a very narrow table, had the misfortune of a head-on collision while bowing to a guest.

Following dinner, every one went to the Chapel for a short evening service conducted by a faculty member. After this the students would disperse and entertain themselves for a while before the evening study hour began. The girls' living-room, instead of resounding to the noisy heels of "Little Applers" and the lively pace of "Swing," was filled with the laughter and gayety aroused by the waltz, the polka, the hornpipe, or the ever popular reel. Sometimes, it is said, the dancers exhibited more energy than grace or agility.

On fine nights a merry group would often go forth upon the campus for starlit strolls, well supplied with opera glasses and pocket telescopes with which to consider the firmament. The astronomy teacher was of course always in strict attendance. These nocturnal sojourns often gave timid males the courage to enter Peace campus; at such times Dr. Dinwiddie would come forth to traverse the lawn with his lantern and his rifle filled with peas.

Those of a more romantic turn might prefer to wander up and down the dimly lit piazzas, listening to the sentimental tones of a guitar calling forth pictures of southern moonlight and Spanish cavaliers, "while summer songs of love seem softly to creep o'er us." A few girls preferred staying indoors to play flinch or ping-pong, or to make fudge.

At ten o'clock every night the teacher on duty turned off all the lights in the building. She would ring the bell and give the girls a minute or two to turn off the gas jets in their rooms. If a girl neglected to do this when the switch downstairs was turned by the teacher, her light would go off but the gas could still escape, and one night a girl who had fallen asleep without turning the switch off was found by a teacher almost overcome by the fumes issuing from the open jet. Pipes for gas jets can still be seen in the dining-room and in some of the old rooms in Main.

On Sunday the girls were "perfect lambs." Their day was very much like ours except that they were chaperoned to Sunday-school and church. A very strict rule about the line of march was for every one

to "keep in line." Their afternoon and evening also were similar to ours except that there could positively be no callers. As every girl was required to go to the Presbyterian Church for the evening service, each Sunday night about 7:30, Wilmington Street would see the familiar sight of Dr. Dinwiddie with his cane in one hand and a big lantern in the other, leading the straight double column of Peace girls to church.

A student was, of course, never allowed to go down town shopping unless a teacher went along also. Also one could not receive callers in the evening, even during the week-end. An occasional exception was made of a very trustworthy senior who might be allowed the privilege of receiving a guest in the parlor—strictly chaperoned, however, except on every third Saturday. On the third Saturday nights the A. & M. Cadets (State College boys) were welcomed within the secluded and entrancing portals of Peace, when for a brief period they respectfully contemplated and conversed with the fair sex that dwelt therein. (It is told of a certain young teacher of Peace who was entertaining a special out-of-town guest in the parlor, and who thought that she would be permitted to stay below after 10:00, that she was politely informed otherwise by a member of the Dinwiddie household.)

Those were the days when the campus was adorned with more "stately oaks" than it now boasts and when hammocks could be found conveniently slung in front of what is now East Building. (A long and hard battle was fought for those hammocks.) Also there was a picket fence with tempting swinging gate (it was almost a shipping offense, however, to be found swinging upon it). Another thing that was "not done" was to sit upon the grass; one's posture while getting down and arising was most awkward and unmaidenly; also the grass would stain one's clothes.

The freshmen at the end of the year 1904 said that they had been very happy at Peace, but there were some things that it had taken them a long time to get used to. They mentioned "the bells ringing on the walls," and added, "The gas gave us a lot of trouble, too, but by Christmas we had learned to turn it out by ourselves." Before that time a senior or a teacher had gone in to see that they were tucked in and their lights all off.

It was a pleasant custom in former years for "Miss Nannie" (the Dean, familiarly known as the "ruling passion") to take the freshmen on a tour of the public buildings of the Capital City during their first week in Raleigh. One Frosh wrote: "Miss Nannie took us riding on those curious running cars to the Insane Asylum and the Penitentiary, and we got scared and she had to bring us home, for this is the first year we have been here, you know."

Another of "Miss Nannie's" habits was to rise early every Monday morning and hold a meeting of the preparatory students in the Study Hall in order to tell them something about " 'etaquet.' That's some-

thing she learned while she was in Paris, or somewhere down there near Rome" (according to one Freshman).

In the days of these freshmen the reigning drug store was Dughi's:

"A Ladies' and Gentlemen's Restaurant
Ice Cream, Sherbets, and Fancy Cream a Specialty
Ice Cream made by Electricity."

Also Giersch's was famous at Peace for its steaks, furnishing the appetizing subject of many a conversation.

Though serving daily the widely worshipped Minerva and drinking deeply of the Pierian Spring, we see that the Peace girls of decades gone still had time to indulge in entertainment. One special occasion was on Washington's Birthday. On that evening every one dressed in colonial costume, put patches on her cheeks, and powdered her mass of hair; in the dining-room a group of girls daintily minced the minuet.

Besides this type of diversion there were several interesting clubs. One unique association was the Peace Gas Company, which was guaranteed to serve "Hot Air at All Times to Its Stockholders." There was also a Tea and Thought Circle, which met every Thursday afternoon from 5:00 to 6:00, and kept its members informed of current events and stimulated interest in the great paintings, poems, and musical compositions of the world. Also, it never forgot that light refreshments were enjoyable. Another group was the Sewing Circle. Its fair members could often be seen plying their needles in fancy work (samplers, etc.) on the campus or the wide porches.

A rather startling organization was known as the Grand Order of Banister Sliders. Its colors were black and blue, and its officers were "The Most Worshipful Supreme" and "The Lord High Keeper of the Sliding Place" (Dr. James Dinwiddie). Another outstanding organization was the Great Secret Order of the Heart-Smasher Club, with the motto: "Live while you live, for you are a long time dead." Its flowers were Johnny Jump-Up and Sweet William. There was another club, important in the social life of Peace (presumably a secret order also, which seems to have had a few "revival" meetings even down into this enlightened age), called the Midnight Feasters. Its motto was: "Silence is Golden," and its flower was the night-blooming cereus. On Hallowe'en this club was particularly active; on that night the members would creep forth with much quaking and down to the gymnasium where, shivering also from the cold, they would indulge in their favorite menu—sour pickles, peanuts, and apples.

"And we felt the worse next day
For our eating in that way,"

was the feeling subsequent to one of these midnight journeys. Therefore each resolved that on the next trip "I shall limit what I eat to food for only four."

Almost every woman is interested in the subject of "clothes" and just what's "being worn this year," and especially is this the case in the spring.

Back in the days when they burned the midnight oil in honor of Horace, instead of the collegiate's "sweater and skirt" combination we find that their conventional garb was shirtwaist and skirt. This skirt, however, was long—"almost touching"—and there were different types of shirtwaists to be worn with them, such as "soft, flattering, frilly" ones and "stern, cold, and chilly" ones. Ties or bows were sometimes worn at the neck of the blouse. Even when they played basketball and tennis, this was the costume worn. Most girls today would heartily dislike playing in those long skirts, yet there are some teachers who still speak of how lovely the girls looked running to and fro on the court (as swiftly as we) with their skirts fluttering so gracefully about their nimble feet. Girls were often reprimanded for pushing up their sleeves as the game became more vigorous. The sun might damage their fair skin; also, it was not ladylike to expose one's arms in such a manner.

This was also the heyday of the pompadour; hair and more hair was the desire of a woman of the late nineties. It is said of a girl then at Peace that she facetiously remarked to her roommate: "Perhaps if you used a featherbed instead of a rat you could get it higher." One must never step forth from the building without some head-covering. Little caps perched on top of these high pompadours were worn at all times, even at basketball and tennis games.

Each girl's pet ambition then was to have a dress with a train. ("Oh, for a train!" with a most languishing sigh.) Trains were so graceful, and oh! so sophisticated; they were generally not worn till one had reached the responsible age of eighteen or nineteen.

Sports and athletics have always played an integral part in the life of Peace College. At Peace, in the early 1890's, golf was being talked about a great deal; it was even feared that "the fashionable Scottish sport" might in the future take the place of tennis, the favorite game of the period.

It was during this same period that the popularity of the bicycle increased. Quoting again from an early *Voices of Peace,* we find a Peace girl in an editorial in the December, 1894, issue saying this: "The advance of the bicycle has been very gradual, but it now threatens to take the place of the horse in the patronage of society. Let us hope, however, that the women who enjoy this pleasure will never go so far as to don divided skirts. They are neither beautiful nor becoming, and it is sincerely to be hoped that our Southern women will never indulge in such a fashion."

It was in 1913 in the days of Upchurch & Holder's "Livery, Board and Exchange Stables," when "Carriages, Buggies, and Horses were for hire at all hours of day or night," that a most interesting incident occurred. It so happened that on the inauguration day of one of our

North Carolina governors the French teacher here at Peace was planning to leave the college on the 12:50 train to be married. (It had all been arranged beforehand, and one of the younger teachers was to remain with her to help her get off while the rest of the faculty and the students went to the inauguration.) The French teacher and Miss Lovie Jones were practically the only ones left in the building, and about an hour or two before time to leave the young bride-to-be ran over to the dressmaker's to get part of her trousseau, which was to be finished that morning. She had not yet returned when Miss Lovie went down to arrange about having a carriage sent out for her because she had so much to take with her (besides the trousseau there was a large box of china and glassware that could not be mailed without danger of breaking). To Miss Lovie's dismay she was told when she called that all the carriages, buggies, and cars (at this time there were only about twenty cars in Raleigh) were in the parade and there was absolutely nothing they could send out to her. Well, thought Miss Lovie to herself, we'll just have to carry all those things over to Blount Street and get on the street car. Soon after the French teacher returned they hurried over to Blount Street to catch a trolley. They stood there and waited and waited; time passed and still no street car. Finally a little boy who was going by came up and told them that it wouldn't do any good to wait for the car because they were all held up down town on account of the parade. You can imagine the feelings of both the young ladies on hearing this. Here it was just a few minutes before time for the train to leave and no way to get down to the station! Something must be done! They hurried back down Peace Street and ran into Mrs. Ben Lacy's to phone the trainmaster and ask him please to hold the train till the young lady could get there, because she was to be married that afternoon and just had to catch that train. Imagine their distress on hearing that the train could not be held—even for a marriage; that it was "made up" in Raleigh and must go out on schedule. Now what to do? Every available friend had gone to the inauguration. At this point Miss Lovie gained courage to do a very bold thing and one that should certainly go down in the annals of Peace. Miss X—— was going to be married and she was going to leave on that train if Miss Lovie Jones had anything to do with it—and she did. What did she do? She got out in the middle of Blount Street and "bummed." The first car went whizzing by her, but the second, on seeing Miss Lovie planted in the middle of the road, arms frantically waving, pulled over to the side and stopped. Miss Lovie ran up to the high-seated old Ford and said, "This lady wants to be married and will you please take her to the station—it's almost time for the train to leave." The couple in the car (who happened to be Nancy Lyon's mother and father) said they would be glad to do so. The train was caught and the wedding took place that afternoon, and the couple have lived happily ever after-

ward—thanks to our Miss Lovie, who is still indispensable to Peace, a Junior College for Women.

Since the days of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries the portals of higher education have gradually been swinging open to ambitious girls as never before. Starting with Vassar in 1865, Wellesley and Smith following a decade later, women's colleges began to offer instruction equal to that in the best men's colleges. And today, as a result of this, women have gained a decidedly new social and political status.

BETSY GRAHAM, '38.

REVELATION

I have a dear decorous aunt
Whose name is Lucy Jane.
She has a precious maiden way
And smile almost inane!

She went to Peace when she was young—
In ninety-two or three;
With morals conned from those dead days
She loves to lecture me!

"Why, when I was a girl, dear niece—"
In tones oh, so precise—
"Young ladies who did thus and so
Were not considered *NICE*.

"I am shocked, in truth, beyond all words—
This modern world—la, me!
Oh, give me back the dear *GOOD* days
Of Peace in '93."

I used to listen, quite all ears,
And wonder how one could
Be, as Aunt Lucy Jane declared,
So proper and so good.

She said that *she* cared not for boys
When she attended Peace;
She said she studied hard each day,
But beaux—"Ah, never, niece!"

I listened and believed her quite,
Until one rainy day—
I rummaged through an attic trunk
To while an hour away.

I found a tiny diary marked
With dear Aunt Lucy's name;
I did not mean to read it, but
Temptation overcame!

I peeked inside and, goodness me!
In words so very prim
It stated that she met a boy
And that she "fell" for him!

Maids smuggled notes and candy, too,
And midnight feasts were spread;
She even sometimes said, "I'm ill,"
To breakfast late in bed!

I found that Peace in '93
Was very gay indeed—
If I believed Aunt Lucy's book
And things I did there read.

I put the diary up again
And went back down below.
Now when Aunt Lucy lectures me
I chuckle, "Yes, *I* know."

Marian Grey Black, '39.

LETTER FROM AN "ALUMNUS"

A whiff of burning oak leaves in autumn brings back the days when I was a little fellow at Peace with two other little boys, Robert Layton, a cripple on crutches, and George Harrison, a stout boy for his age.

About the time George and his sister Bessie joined us, the Harrison family cow, a fine black and white Holstein, appeared among the small herd that supplied Peace Institute with milk and butter. Little boys of that day were as well posted about the different breeds of cows as modern boys are about the different makes of automobiles.

Dr. Dinwiddie, the president and owner of the school, practiced the doctrine of "live at home." Peace had a large garden to supply vegetables for the table, and a steam laundry to do the washing, presided over by a big yellow Negro named Joe, assisted by another colored man, the faithful William, who died a few years ago while still on the job.

With us in the elementary department there were Eliza Lindsay, Mary Dughi, Mary Briggs, Mary Evans, Louie Miller, Mattie Castle-

bury, Margarette McPheeter, Lilly Ferrell, my sister Lizzie Watson, Vera Walters, Virginia Standback, the two Thompson sisters, whose father was Secretary of State for North Carolina, and Alice Johnson, who lived at the mansion with her uncle, Governor Daniel Russell.

On fair days Vera Walters would drive her sleek, banker pony, hitched to a small phæton with a canopy, fringed top. She would leave him tied to a tree in the grove, as we were out of school by two o'clock. Nearly all the other girls rode bicycles to school. There was a rack in the end of the back hall, at the door to the gymnasium under the chapel, for them to park their wheels.

Our classroom was overlooking the main drive leading to North Wilmington Street. I shall never forget how the steam pipes thumped and knocked on a cold day as old Joe was getting up a heavy head of steam.

We were not all in the same class, but divided in groups from about the first to the seventh grade. The room was in charge of a Miss Johnston from the North. I was in a class with Mary Evans, Louie Miller, and Alice Johnson. We studied at first "Fifty Famous Stories," spelling, arithmetic, geography, and United States history. The last subject was taught by Miss Nannie Dinwiddie. For half an hour every day the entire room practiced writing in a copy-book with pen and ink. Later we used as a reader Carpenter's "Geographical Reader." All the children in our room were given training in gymnastics and voice by regular teachers of those subjects in the college department.

Miss Johnston left, and Miss Jennie Jenkins, a niece of Mrs. Bauman and Miss Bettie Pennick, who lived across the street on Halifax Street, took her place. Then a Miss Page came to replace Miss Jenkins.

About this time I reached the dignity of being admitted to a few high school subjects. Miss Duncan of Kentucky taught me English History, using as a text Montgomery's "English History," and literature based on Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare." For a few years I had been the only boy at Peace until little Henry Jerome Stockard and his sister Amy came, when Professor Stockard joined the faculty to teach Latin. (He became president in 1907.)

Peace was growing. We were joined in the high school department by Susie McGee, Bessie Brown, Jennie Proctor, Josephine Gilmore, Bennie McCaden, Edith Pou, Laura Brown, Betty McAden, and Bird Segar of Florida.

Miss Jennie Ellis was employed to teach us nature subjects, while Miss Lovie Jones was added to give piano lessons and instruct us in English from Maxwell's Grammar. Miss Julia Louise Cole, of Danville, Va., was selected as the head of the business school, if my memory is correct.

Anyway, I thought she was the best-looking teacher ever at Peace. Perhaps I was reaching the age to notice pretty girls. I had begun to feel out of place in a girls' school. So the next year I left to enter the

Raleigh Public Schools, much to the disappointment of Dr. Dinwiddie, as he said he hoped to be able to hand a diploma from Peace Institute to at least one boy.

On this rainy spring day it does not seem so long since I was a little fellow under the budding oaks at Peace Institute, peering over the shoulder of Mary Barbee, sketching a picturesque Negro cabin draped in blooming honeysuckle across the dusty road where an apartment house now stands on Harp Street.

James Watson.

RALEIGH'S CENTENNIAL OF 1892

As I arose from my bed one morning in 1892, I hummed a happy little tune. Well I might, for today was the day when Raleigh would celebrate its one-hundredth anniversary. Just one hundred years ago in 1792 Raleigh had been founded. It seemed strange to me to think that the Joel Lane house, which was now owned by the Boylan family, had been the first capitol in Raleigh. The simple little farmhouse with its quaint dormer windows was so different from the handsome granite capitol building we now have. Yet it was in the Joel Lane house in 1781 that the General Assembly had met; in 1792 the State bought a thousand-acre piece of land from Joel Lane for a permanent capital city.

I hastened to dress and eat my breakfast, for since we lived on the Wake Forest Road it would take father and me a good hour to drive into Raleigh. We must not be late for the centennial parade, which was to be held on Fayetteville Street. On our way into the city we passed the old Mordecai house, situated in its grove of huge old trees. Father told me, as he had many times before, that Moses Mordecai had built the four front rooms of the house in 1824; the other rooms had been added later. Here in 1860 the most brilliant social function Raleigh has ever known was held. This affair was held in honor of Joseph Lane, a descendant of Joel Lane and a candidate for the vice-Presidency. Everybody from miles around attended the function.

We arrived at the capitol square just as the parade was starting. Father found a place for me with some friends, and then left to take his position in the procession, for he was to march with the Civil War veterans. First in the parade there was a representation of Sir Walter Raleigh, who founded the first colony in North Carolina and for whom our city was named. Queen Elizabeth, who sent Raleigh on his colonizing expedition, followed. After this there was a large float showing the reception of Lafayette in Raleigh in 1825 by Governor Burton. This included a representation of Lafayette and Miss Elizabeth Haywood before Canova's statue of George Washington. The original statue, which was a real work of art, was destroyed when our first capitol burned in 1831. The most interesting float to many was the fac-

simile of the "Tornado," which was our first locomotive. Mr. Albert Johnson, now an old man, was driving it, just as he had done in 1840. After him followed men who represented our Raleigh soldiers in the War of 1812 and the Mexican War. The parade ended with the march of the Civil War veterans of our city. I could scarcely restrain myself from cheering when I saw father dressed in his faded gray suit.

Later, driving home, I wondered if Raleigh's future could be as brilliant as her past had been. CLAIRE FREEMAN, '39.

PEACE IN THE GAY NINETIES

PEACE INSTITUTE,
April 12, 1883.

DEAR SALLIE:

Am in a very poor humor, it being nearly Spring and I without any new clothes whatsoever. I shopped with Maude, Fanny, and Miss Roberts for new calicoes day before last, but we could find nothing suited to our taste. Am so weary of heavy worsteds I threatened my dear roommates with wearing my best balmoral if I didn't get a new calico soon. I really have an exciting idea for the pattern of my Easter frock—a short overskirt and the most cunning basque one could dream of. I'll relate more of that later; but don't copy me, you beggar!

Oh, Sallie, remember my telling you of *the* young man I met at the reception for the Bingham boys last October? John Morton, you know; the one I've seen at church several times since then. Well, my dear, he sent me a note last Saturday by post. I don't know how it got by Mrs. Murdock's watchful eye, but I read it, and he asked me to be by the fence near the well at five-thirty that afternoon. Of course it isn't exactly proper—I mean the request—but I wanted to dress early for supper anyway. Besides, I wander toward the well to pet Miss Mattoon's alligator almost every afternoon; so I went upstairs to see what could be worn that would seem casual and yet be nice enough. I chose my light navy wool, and after gymnastics I dressed (had to use newspapers in place of a bustle again) and walked out to the well. Maude came out to stroll with me, but thanks to broad insinuations on my part she soon left in a huff.

In a few minutes I heard some one singing. It was John, my dear, and he sang beautifully; however, although I was pleasantly surprised, I was very much afraid that some one else would hear him and become inquisitive. Remember the picket fence that surrounds our blessed domain of Peace Institute? John was just beyond that fence, and I committed the unpardonable sin of walking next to it while a gentleman walked on the other side. But I had to warn John. Sallie, he simply *wouldn't go away!* And—I was startled beyond words—he actu-

ally tried to take my hand! He must have been delirious to think that I—but Sallie, he has such nice hands, and he was so insistent! However, I realized the danger of being seen or heard. I sacrificed all the possibilities of friendship between us and tenderly tossed "Mose," the alligator, right at him. I haven't seen him or "Mose" since. No one can guess what has happened to the poor alligator, and of course I must be innocent for the sake of my pride.

Our poor well is undergoing repairs right now because of an accident last Wednesday night. About ten o'clock, when every one was supposed to be asleep, the water tank began leaking; then it spurted; finally it cascaded like Niagara Falls all the way from the top floor to the first. Maude, Cassie, Fran, and I were having a feast, and it frightened us to the point of hysterics. Though the halls were flooded no other damage was done. We'll have to get all our water from the outside well for a while.

I can hardly breathe I am so excited about our party next Friday evening. It is to be a dime party, and some of the A. and M. boys are coming. Mrs. Lacy, I think, should be fearful of spoiling us with so many entertainments—we've already had two since Christmas!

Well, dear, it is time for all lights to be out, so I'll say good-bye for the present. But don't forget, when you come to visit me here two weeks from now, to ask the chaperone who meets you at the station to have Fred drive you here. Not only is his omnibus more comfortable (he drives *two* horses), but when he comes up the drive he blows his stage horn—really a marvelous relic. Then I'll know you are here!

Remaining, then, Your devoted friend,

Florrie.

Florence Bostick, '39.

INTERROGATION

When I think of trees
Dripping in the rain,
And of a bird's low note,
And of moon-tinted seas,
Why is there a pain
In my throat?

Ellen Munroe, '38.

REGISTRATION DAY

1890—

The room was large and well lighted. It contained several stiff formal chairs, a Chesterfield covered in maroon plush and a tall walnut secretary. There were numerous small tables placed conveniently near

the chairs. The long windows were heavily draped. At one end of this room was a door bearing a bronze plate on which was the legend: "Office of the Registrar."

Directly opposite this door Miss Jessica Herron sat primly on one of the hard straight chairs, her white hands lying relaxed in her lap, her feet placed with mathematical precision on the deep carpet. This young lady wore a gown of heavy blue silk, trimmed with blue lace and having a beautifully flounced and fringed overskirt. Her jacket was a braided black Hussar; her straw hat was tall and white, rather like a helmet, ornamented with blue feathers and parrot wings. Miss Jessica's black hair was curled and frizzed across her forehead, drawn tightly back from her temples behind her ears, and rolled into an immense chignon at the back of her neck. She held her head high, gazing across the parlor and through the windows with well-bred disdain of the room's other occupants who, though girls of her own age and with similar interests, were not to be spoken to until formally introduced. If Miss Jessica wondered how long she must wait to see the college president, her air of abstraction did not reveal it.

1938—

Jodie lounged comfortably in an overstuffed chair, her feet stretched out before her and her head resting on the chair back. Her heels were high, her skirt was short, and she wore only an excuse for a hat—a diminutive skull cap. Jodie's hair was short and curled all over her head in engaging small ringlets. She had a pleasing pug nose and a dimpled chin; her brown eyes held an impudent twinkle. Jodie gazed about the mellow old room with frank curiosity, all the while chattering excitedly to her neighbor, another girl who was as interested as Jodie in the whirl and excitement going on about them. The parlor was filled with happy girls engaged in a mad scramble to get registered, each one impatient at delay, each one desiring to get to her dormitory room, meet her new roommate, and begin the serious business of going to college.

KATHERINE RAINEY, '39.

MAGNET: MISS STEELE

All Peace girls realize that one of the many attractions of Peace is the friendly relationship existing between the faculty and the students. With this in mind, the staff of *Voices of Peace* wishes to present a series of articles about the faculty of Peace.

One well loved faculty member who is well known far beyond the walls of Peace is Miss Lucy E. Steele, teacher of Bible and Spanish.

Miss Steele is a native of Georgia, but in early girlhood moved to Washington, D. C., where she attended high school. She took her

Master's Degree at George Washington University and also attended the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. She came to Peace first in the autumn of 1926, but remained only one year, as she decided to go to Brazil as a missionary in the fall of 1927. She was in educational work in Brazil, serving as principal of the Varginha Minas Presbyterian mission school for five years. She returned to the United States in the late fall of 1932, and came back to Peace to deliver the vesper address to the alumnæ and students at the 1933 commencement. In September, 1933, Miss Steele returned as a faculty member; also she has done very valuable field and extension work for Peace. For five years she has conducted a weekly Bible class (in two sections) for adults. About 300 Raleigh women have been enrolled in this class for the current year. In Davidson, North Carolina, and Clinton, South Carolina, she works in the Young Peoples' Conferences. Last summer she was at Montreat for the Southern Presbyterian Woman's Auxiliary Conference, and will be next summer at Massanetta Springs, Virginia, for the Virginia Presbyterian Woman's Conference.

Miss Steele has a magnetic personality that draws the earnest attention of an audience. Those who have heard her once invariably wish to hear her again. Her spiritual flame seems to light a fire that spreads among those with whom she comes in contact. Yet, with all her outside friends and admirers, there is no group that loves and appreciates her more than the girls of Peace.

EMILY SILER, '38.

CYPRESS AND MOSS

The ancient cypress tree stands more than a hundred feet tall. Her buttressed trunk, with red-brown, flaky bark, rises like a pyramid from the glistening jet of the swamp water. This perfect mirror reflects the widespread branches with their froth of vivid green leaves; the azure sky with fleecy clouds; and the tangled darkness of the surrounding morass. The old limbs are bent with graceful Spanish moss, as old as the tree herself. Many of the boughs are dead, the beautiful moss having sucked away their life.

ANNE BOICE, '39.

SPRING CHATTER FROM THE SUB-DEBS

I

One morning a vagrant sunbeam wandered across my face and, evidently curious, lingered there. Experimentally I opened one eye, into which the mischievous sunbeam immediately flounced. Umph . . . too early for waking, I decided, quickly closing my eye. With a luxurious stretch I was preparing to resume my nap when a rollicking breeze bounced through the open window, and I was instantly awake. Why, I thought, I feel like getting up!

I rolled out of bed, not without misgivings, and looked down into the garden. Was this the world I had gone to sleep in? All the trees in sight were covered with a down of soft new green. To my right a pear tree was frothing forth with pure white blossoms like the bubbles in my morning cream pitcher. Golden crocuses were bursting from their jackets of green; the dainty bells of hyacinths and the bolder trumpets of the jonquils were proclaiming some message of import to the world. The early morning sunshine mellowed all objects with its Midas touch.

A breeze touched my cheeks with light fingers and waved across my face an impelling odor. It seemed to be a mixture of the delicate perfumes of all the flowers in sight, mingled with the rich, warm scent of earth in which living things were awakening. Its elusive quality was its greatest provocation. Of a sudden the thought burst upon me—this is the first breath of spring!

FRANCES MOORE.

II

It was spring again! I had thrown my windows wide open, and sat breathing in the balmy air, when my eye was caught by the lovely scene without—a small scene, composed of a bit of a house, a few trees, and patches of blue sky. My first impression was of cool greenness with a splash of delicate lavender; then I began to notice individual beauties. Only a small part of the gray stone house could be seen. The fresh green of its roof blended with the green of the willow tree that drooped lazily, but not wearily, over a white stone bench. There was a soft stretch of green grass surrounded by dark green shrubs. In front of it all was a beautiful rose-lavender tree, and the patches of sky that could be seen through its branches were a warm blue. I could feel it in the air: it was spring again!

SUZANNE HUDSON.

III

The rock garden, as I see it from my window, is particularly lovely now, with an apple tree on each side, dropping fragrant blossoms into the pool below. The pink and white petals form a colorful ambush beneath which the gold fish play hide-and-seek, while a green frog may

sometimes be seen seated on one of the lily leaves, umpiring the fish in their sports.

Up among the rocks court is being held. Queen Iris, decked in her purple robes and crown of gold, is surrounded by ladies-in-waiting in simple white and yellow. The pages—forget-me-nots and oxalis—are dressed in pale blue and pink. Outside the walls are a few rustics hoping for admittance: shaggy young dandelions and dainty lettuce-moss. By donning their prettiest costumes all things are thanking the Creator for bringing them safely through another winter.

Betty Lou Fletcher.

IV

How can one write a theme when one feels thus? The head reels; the heart beats faster; there is something exciting in the air. How can one think about themes—even a theme on spring?

A warm breeze is running in and out among the trees—trees with their old black branches taking on a young green look. Bright waving flowers are everywhere, and beneath them the proud-to-be-alive grass. The birds are singing; bees are thick upon the wistaria; butterflies are poised upon the white and purple lilacs in the garden. The sky is brilliantly blue, with large puffy white clouds. The sky, the flowers, the birds, the trees—yes, and the young girls, also—seem to be calling to the world to come out and see them in their new glory.

What have I been chattering about? Well, what a joke! I've been chattering about spring—and I've written my theme!

Alice Covington.

PEACE READERS' DIGEST

SINGING CITY

[Condensed from the *American Magazine* for March]

CHARLESTON, S. C.

MR. DOMINICK O'MAHONEY,
Somewhere Beyond Life.

DEAR SIR AND ANCESTOR:

I have come to Charleston, but you have not met me here. This epistle is to let you know of my visit and what I found here.

I had an impression when you left me at the French Market in New Orleans, after telling me to come here, that your admonition was in the nature of an appointment. And so I have waited for you in those places which you would most likely visit.

I waited for you in the churchyard of St. Philip's, by the towering stone which marks the grave of John Caldwell Calhoun; I waited in the gardens of John Drayton, beside a black pool, which mirrored for me a million azaleas and towering cypress trees; I waited before the Simonton house at the wrought-iron gate of the swords; and I waited along the broad walks of Fort Moultrie, behind brooding guns that glisten in the sun.

Sometimes I walked along Church Street until I came to the archway of Porgy's Inn. Sometimes I stood on the Battery Wall, watching ships come and go. In the evening a tall old man with a beard, wearing women's shoes, came also. He was always there, looking towards the sea. He could not see it, because it is seven miles away, but whatever he saw seemed to satisfy him.

I went also to the Magnolia Gardens and to the Cypress Gardens. It was in the Cypress Gardens that I saw a leaf die.

Have you ever seen a leaf die? It is a gentle and a wistful thing. The leaf comes slowly from its home, turning over to look back, and to wave, with withered arms, good-bye. Below it the water, a dark stranger busy about other things, looks up. She kisses the leaf gently when they meet, leaving a moist spot where her mouth touched. She puts her arms around the leaf and draws it to her slowly, so that it will not be crushed. Lazily, the leaf turns over, kicks its heels, flushes for a moment with the color of life, and plunges.

And yet it does not die, because in a few million years it will be a bit of coal or the point of a diamond on a lovely lady's finger.

It was wrong of me to take it for granted that Charleston is a dying city. She did not grow any stronger or greater after 1790, when she was fourth in size in the colonies. But she did not die or get violently ill. She merely, in the manner of a lady observing the miracle of her flesh in middle age, took notice of her diet.

Charleston is a healthy bedlam, with lace around her neck and good wine in her cellars. To build a new house in Charleston would be sacrilege. The old homes, like the old, familiar faces, are best. The past, with the people of Charleston, is a familiar thing; it mingles with the present and therefore helps to shape the future.

Did it ever occur to you as you stood on the banks of the Ashley River or the Cooper River, waiting to cross on the slim peninsula between, that its skyline was like that of an English village on the coast?

Like a ring of enemy battlements the low malaria country warned off enterprise in every direction except the sea.

Marooned on the peninsula, Charleston settled down to live alone, but she did not die. Those who came with the first settlers in 1670 had no intentions of dispersing.

Charleston is still the leading city of South Carolina, in trade and population.

Charleston is the most historic city of the South and she has the most beautiful gardens.

You remember, of course, how the town houses were built in your day; there are many of these houses left today, all inhabited. They are big houses, too, with high ceilings and wide rooms where a man can breathe and stretch.

In the spring mornings I was awakened by the strange singing cries of the Negroes from the islands along the coast wailing in their Gullah language the lusciousness of their wares.

The whole city seemed to sing on some mornings when the sun shone and the birds were there, and I would sing, myself.

The streets teem all day, and there is noise of living people all over. You can hear them as you wander through churchyards. Their voices come over the walls and through the grilled fences, drifting among the gravestones and mixing with the wind that moves like a cat stalking a field mouse through the trees and shrubs.

I walked down Church Street to Saint Michael's in the dusk. Lights were up and people were on their way home, but I could still see my way around the slabs in the yard and found that lovely and quaint headstone placed by a husband. He was William H. L. Luyten and she was Mary Ann Luyten, who died in 1770, when she was but twenty-seven years old. Over her grave William placed the wooden end of the bed in which they slept, and it is still there.

I went to Sumter on a Sunday morning. There were great floating anchor buoys all around us, for the fighting ships, and the guide kept showing me how the harbor would be protected in case of war.

And all of this time, during all of these spring days, I waited for the azaleas to bloom in full. I wandered on the worn walks between the red brick buildings of the College of Charleston; I listened to tales of duels and deaths in other days and years.

I went also to the country back of the city where malaria is endemic and where life, tired of itself, lies prostrate on a boggy earth. Now and then I met people who looked at me with expressionless eyes. Their world was bounded by a skyline of cypress, and nothing beyond it could matter to them or affect them.

But I must not annoy you with such dark pictures. Let me tell you how one morning I sailed up the Ashley and landed at old Middleton Place. The Middleton Gardens before the Revolution were famed in England, and people crossed the ocean to see them.

I went down the road four miles to the Magnolia Gardens. I was not prepared for them and tens of thousands of millions upon millions of blossoms fell upon me gleefully, with a roar and rush of color. Down the avenues of live oaks they came running covered with blood, with the pink flush of youth, with whiteness of throats, with scarlet lips, with the robes of an empress. They sprang from the earth full-blown and no leaf or stem or root was visible.

Tomorrow I am going north, and if you desire further proof that the past is part of the present, and that both compose the future, then you may meet me in Virginia on the battlefield of Appomattox.

Your devoted descendant,

THOMAS SUGRUE.

MARY ELIZABETH BISCEGLIA, '39.

SPRING STYLES

[Suggestions from March *Vogue*]

Black and white combinations are so striking everywhere you wonder why we ever wore anything else. Contrasts of many types look attractive—not only black against white, but color against color, plain fabrics against printed ones.

White hats are back in style. Some hats have lost their crowns entirely, ribbon bows sit on top, and more ribbon ties your hair in at the back. Other hats are ravishingly big-brimmed, and are held on with printed scarfs.

Black short jackets, with one button, are piped with white braid or striped with white lace. White shirts are worn with gray suits that are piped in black.

For dinner there are slinky dresses with long sleeves, velvet ribbons around the neck, and tiny ostrich-trimmed hats.

To be sure, there are superb dresses belonging to no period at all except the present—dresses that reveal neither too much nor too little.

MARTHA ELLER, '39.

THESE MEN SAW

[Condensed from an announcement about "Optical Progress Paintings," by the Bausch and Lamb Optical Company]

A series of optical history paintings has just been received from the Bausch and Lamb Optical Company, Rochester, New York. These pictures, painted by Harold Anderson, portray such scientific characters in history as Alhazen, the Moor; Huygens, the Dutchman, and Fraunhofer, the Bavarian.

The pictures have been hung in the Biology Laboratory as an inspiration to science students, although the subjects are suitable for any classroom or library.

Richly colored, the picture of Alhazen, who was born in 965, shows this Arabian mathematician demonstrating to some friends his theory of the refraction of light by means of a stick thrust into a pool of water.

No less interesting is that of Christian Huygens, in which this Dutch astronomer and physicist explains to Louis XIV and members of the French Academy his wave theory of light.

The Bavarian, Fraunhofer, is represented as an enthusiastic young man explaining to a skeptical friend his method of reading and measuring the dark lines of the spectrum by means of the spectroscope, an instrument of his invention.

These pictures, depicting optical progress and the advance of science through the ages, were conceived by Bausch and Lamb as a pictorial record to focus the mind of the student on characters and contributions of great significance to the human race. Modern optical equipment is built not only on the accomplishments of modern scientists, but just as surely on those of Alhazen, Fraunhofer, Huygens, and other optical pioneers.

ANNE BOICE, '39.

NEWS CORNER

CALENDAR

December 6 ..... Miss Helen Board's Voice Recital
December 12 ..... Christmas Pageant
December 17 ..... Carol Service
December 17 ..... Christmas Dinner
December 17 ..... Departure for Christmas Holidays
January 4 ..... Return from Christmas Holidays
January 12 ..... Chapel Address by Dr. Hornell Hart
January 22 ..... Stunt Night
January 24 ..... Civic Concert: Sperandeo
January 24 ..... Hans Kindler Symphony Orchestra
February 12 ..... Societies' Valentine Party
March 1-5 ..... Second Term Examinations
March 8 ..... Microvovarium
March 11 ..... Opera: *Tales of Hoffman*
March 12 ..... Junior Glee Club Recital
March 12 ..... Music Recital
March 12 ..... "Arty Party"
March 26 ..... Society Plays

MARCH CARNIVAL

The night of March 12th was a time of beautiful costumes, pictures, food, fun and frolicking for all Peace girls and their guests. It was the night of the Art Department's carnival. The evening was begun by the showing of the film, "We're All Artists," in the Chapel. This was followed by "Living Pictures of Famous Artists," posed by Betty Kennison, Judy Bullock, Alice Broughton, and Esther Cobb. A style show followed with Josephine Martin as announcer and Susie Fountain, Janice Cobb, Ellen Munroe, Mary Herring, Sarah E. Parker, Emily Siler, May Borden, Betsy Graham, Ruth Woltz, Mariam Boyd, Mary Jane Johnston, Anna Belle Boyd, Josephine Betts, Harriett Sutherland, Amelia Farrior, Blanche Harrison, Caroline Jerritt, Margaret Lawrence, and Susan Cooper modeling the newest fashions. The Dramatic Club then produced a short skit, "Robert Burns," and two readings, with Swannanoa Branch, Barbara Bloxam, Marian Grey Black, Mary E. Manson, and Ada Rose Yow showing remarkable talent. From the Chapel every one flocked to the Study Hall where many pictures of past and present Peace girls were auctioned off. Fortune-telling and silhouette-cutting, along with candy, pop-corn, drinks, and ice-cream, satisfied both the curious and the hungry. Merry-making continued throughout the party, and then bedtime rang down the curtain upon a happy evening.

JOSEPHINE MARTIN, '38.

THE PEPPERPOT

STUNT NIGHT AT PEACE

I. Early
II. Late

I. Quaint dresses,
Plastered tresses,
Shining faces,
Measured paces,
Doors and stains,
Rooms and chains,
Repeated strains
Of old refrains;
Suspense—
It's Stunt Night at Peace!

II. Crumpled dresses,
Flying tresses,
Smeared faces,
Broken paces,
Yells and cheers,
Grins and tears,
Repeated strains
Of old refrains;
At last all cease—
It's quiet at Peace.

FLORENCE BOSTICK, '39.

WEBSTER REVISED

King James Version—type of grammar.
Round Head—narrow-minded; a parliament where people had their hair cut off.
heath—fireplace.
Pentecost—a sea.
soliloquy—an assumed name.
novice—a small hole.
motley—sorta dirty.
Druid—nymph; lived in trees kinda like fairies.
Wellington—minister of France.
minaret—small animal; a part of a Moslem; two figures acting by some one else's voice.
Dauphin—an elf.

Ash Wednesday—burning day.
Canterbury—author of Canterbury Tales.
metaphor—rhythmic feet; something you say when you mean something else.
Pershing—dying of thirst.
da Vinci—noted for his facial expression.
Pantheon—a ghost; an animal.
yeoman—one who tends goats.
Camelot—gallant soldier in the court of Sir Gal.
Iscariot—city in Europe..
Benedictine—predicted result.
Lebanon—the Devil in Paradise Lost.
keel—faint.
cloister—shout out loud.
Charlemagne—father of the English language.

DANCE STEP

There was rhythm at the dance.
It dripped from off the ceiling
Onto the smooth, slick floor;
It was in the gentle swish of ladies' skirts,
In the lilt of dancing feet;
It was in the swaying of the couples,
In the softness of the music.
I was enjoying the rhythm of that evening
Until, alas, you stepped upon my toe!

FIRE DRILL

Awake! Awake! you "Fourthies,"
  The call to arms we hear—
Dive into coat and hose!
  Silence and speed are dear.

Find your place and take it!
  Watch out for those on Third!
Fourth floor gals will have to step
  When fire drill gong is heard.

Cold cream, hair nets, curlers,
  Our secrets of beauty expose,
But not our delicate ankles;
  Says the Dean: "You must wear hose!"

JOYCE JONES, '38.

SENIOR PLAINT

"We have, alas!" Art History,
Biology, Chemistry, too;
French, Shorthand, and Bookkeeping,
"With ardent labour studied through."
And that's not all, for we can show
Hours spent on English, Bible too;
"And here we stand with all our lore,
Poor fools, no wiser than before—
"Woe's us! still prisoned in the gloom"
Of these our rooms lived in so long,
Where day by day we've searched for truth
And dimly groped old facts among.
"Hemmed in by book heaps piled around,"
Smudged papers, pens, notebooks galore—
We think never the day to see
When last words will be said by you and me.
Happy, yet sad, graduation time,
Of such we have dreamed—but now, alas!
"Here we stand with all our lore,"
And supposing we shouldn't pass!

ONE-MINUTE INTERVIEWS

Miss Peace—Jo Martin.

Q. Why is Miss Peace so much like Harpo Marx?
A. We have so much in common.
Q. Who's your favorite orchestra leader and why?
A. Benny Goodman, 'cause I'm his shining example.

Most Attractive—Blanche Harrison.

Q. What's the first rule of being attractive?
A. See your dentist at least twice a year.
Q. What's your favorite food?
A. Anything but grits.

Most Stylish—Betsy Graham.

Q. What's your pet dislike?
A. Short men.
Q. What's a good formula for style?
A. Keep your shirt on.

Most Versatile—Ellen Munroe.

Q. Is it cod liver oil or just the thought of.....that makes you so sprightly?
A. Decidedly *not* the cod liver oil!

Q. What's the secret of your versatility?
A. It's still a secret.

Best Sport—SUSAN COOPER.

Q. How does it feel to be one of the three girls in the school "above Miss McLelland"?
A. Like a fish out of water.
Q. How'd you get to be a good sport?
A. By rooming with Emily.

Cutest—EMILY SILER.

Q. Describe your ideal man.
A. Very tall, blonde, blue eyes, sunburned, glasses.
Q. To what do you owe your cuteness?
A. To the hillbillies!

Most Original—JANICE COBB.

Q. What are your views on summer school at Chapel Hill?
A. I think there's very promising material there.
Q. Where do you get your originality?
A. Chiefly from other people.

May Queen—CAROLINE JERRITT.

Q. What's your recipe for a pretty complexion?
A. A jar of cold cream and a raw egg every other morning.
Q. What's Wisconsin got that we haven't?
A. George.

UNFAMILIAR VOICES OF PEACE

1. *Miss Salls:* Girls, you need not study tomorrow's lesson in detail.
2. *Janice Cobb*—to the staff: You all hand in your material any old time—it doesn't matter how late it is.
3. *Miss Steele:* In this exam. you are not to be specific or concise in your answers.
4. *Miss McLelland:* If there are two things I don't like it's cats and the name *Henry.*
5. *Pi and Sig Treasurers:* You needn't hurry to pay your dues. We have lots of money now.
6. *Dr. Pressly*—to the student body as it leaves for Spring Holidays: Your holidays end next Wednesday night, but if you wish to prolong them until Saturday or Monday, you may.
7. *Miss Richards:* I'm so glad you girls are talking for a change. You've been too quiet during class lately.
8. *A Papyrian*—to a staff member: Why, yes, I'll be glad to write an article for you!

PAPYRUS CLUB

President.....JOSEPHINE MARTIN
Vice-President.....BETSY GRAHAM
Secretary-Treasurer.....ELOISE HARRIS

ALLEN, LUELLA
BISCEGLIA, MARY ELIZABETH
BLACK, MARIAN GREY
BOICE, ANNE
BOSTICK, FLORENCE
BOYD, ANNA BELLE
BROWN, NANCY PORTER
COBB, JANICE
CRUMPLER, EVELYN
EDWARDS, VERA
ELLER, MARTHA
FARRIOR, AMELIA
FERGUSON, MILDRED
FREEMAN, CLAIRE
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MCLEAN, SARAH
MITCHELL, MARIAN GREY
MUNROE, ELLEN
POLLARD, RUTH
RAINEY, KATHERINE
ROBERTSON, ELIZABETH
SILER, EMILY
STIXRUD, PEGGY
THOMPSON, BETTY
WHITFIELD, SUSAN
WINSLOW, MARY

MISS HELEN HARRIET SALLS
MISS MARTHA BOSWELL

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(This is a list of business firms and other organizations advertising in our student publications. Through them our *Voices of Peace* and *Lotus* are made possible. Let us show our appreciation by patronizing them whenever possible.)

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- Vanity
- Willett's

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- Coca-Cola

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- Capital City Laundry
- Hilker's
- Hood Model
- Oak City Laundry

Clothing and Department Stores
- Boylan-Pearce
- Darling Shop
- Efird's
- Elite Shop
- Ellisberg's
- Hudson-Belk
- Jean's
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- Preston's
- Rose's
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- Meredith
- Peace

Creameries
- Pine State

Drug Stores
- Boon-Iseley
- Brantley's
- Coxe-Ferguson
- Eckerd's
- Person Street Pharmacy
- Walgreen's

Eating Places
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- Person Street Sandwich Shop

Electrical Service
- Carolina Power & Light

Florists
- Fallon's

Furniture
- Tucker

Grocery Stores
- Piggly-Wiggly

Ice and Coal
- Capital Ice and Coal

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- John Askew

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- Johnson's
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- Dunbar and Daniel

Printers
- Bynum
- Edwards & Broughton

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- Penny's Shoe Shop

Shoe Stores
- Cinderella
- Rosenthal's
- Vanity Slipper

Sporting Goods
- Lewis

Sunday Schools
- Edenton Street Methodist
- First Presbyterian

Theatres
- Ambassador
- Capitol
- Palace
- State
- Wake

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- Carolina Coach
- Strop Taxi

Wholesale Dealers
- Barbour Produce
- Brogden Produce
- T. H. Briggs & Sons
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- W. H. King Drug Company
- Lance Packing Company
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- Garland Norris
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- W. H. Williams & Company
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